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No. 10

FRENCH'S AMERICAN ACTING EDITION

MYRTLE FERNS

An American Domestic Drama in Five Acts

BY

JOSEPH D. CLIFTON

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(*French's Standard Drama Continued on 3d page of Cover.*)

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MYRTLE FERNS

An American Domestic Drama in Five Acts

BY

JOSEPH D. CLIFTON

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MYRTLE FERNS.

Characters.

Chick (Wild but good) . . .	Soubrette—star role
Emma Myrtle (A true woman)	Lead
Edith (Sister of Chick)	Juvenile
Nelson Oak (The Master)	Heavy
O'Grady (The Slave)	Lead
Mr. Myrtle (One of the old stock) . .	First old man
Robert (His son)	Juvenile
Larry (A domestic) . . .	Irish comedy. (Refined)
Jake Worth (An old hunter)	Character
Morgan (A hunchback—Keeper of the jail)	Character (Very particular)
Dan (His pal)	Utility
Sheriff (One who does his duty	Utility

DOUBLES.

Larry and Jake Worth.
Mr. Myrtle and Morgan.
Sheriff and Dan.

Piece can be played with three ladies and six men —nine all told. The fourth act can be cut out—it does not affect story or plot. It was arranged for scenic effect—it strengthens piece. Scenic effect is not necessary. If you cut out Act IV Mr. Myrtle can double Jake Worth, which makes the only double.

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Synopsis.

Act I.—A little mountain home.
Act II.—The Myrtle Mansion.
Act III.—At the Ferns.
Act IV.—Window jail.
Act V.—Home again.

CAST.—Three women and nine men. Played nicely with three women and six men.

Property Plot.

ACT. I.

SIDE PROPS.—Hunting bag and knife belt. Pipe for Chick in H. R. Knife for Worth—same as one Robert has—must be alike. Silk handkerchief for Oak. Large document for Worth. Rifle and rag on table R. —Old kitchen table and chairs. Double barrel shot gun ready L. U. E.

ACT. II.

Handcuffs for Sheriff. Game bag and belt—same as used in act. first. Elegant parlor furniture—Table and two chairs R. 3—arm-chairs—two rocking chairs—sofa L. C.—Tap bell on table. R. 2—easel with pictures. Upright desk at L. C. Bric-a-brac, etc. Newspaper on sofa. Four books on desk.

ACT. III.

20 ft. rope R. C.—Six pieces of bark. on stage R.—Green bank or bench. Effects for thunder and lightning. Large bass drum in good condition, and beater on prompt side. Two oars.

ACT. IV.

Two 32-revolvers—not loaded. Knife—Handcuffs—File for Chick. 20 ft. rope C.—Cot and pillow—blanket C.—Ax in R. 2. E.—Dinner pair L. 3. E. also chain to rattle. If scene effect—see that seacloth is down to line as per direction. Boat ready in L. 3. E. etc.

ACT. V.

Letter for Chick—Handcuffs for Sheriff. Same set as Act. second.

Scene Plot.

ACT. I.

Rocky pass in 4—Set cabin in R. 2. E.—Run at back—Return piece C.—Wood wings obliqued. Well and bucket L. C.—Old stump. L. C.—3. E.

ACT. II.

C. D. F.—in 3—Backed by interior. Door R. and L. up stage. Box scene.

ACT. III.

Horizon in four—Ground piece cross at back—Stone wall cross in 3.—C.—opening—4-ft. wide Gothic House L. 2. E. Verandah and steps.

ACT. V.

Same as act second.
N. B. All doors to open off and up stage.

MYRTLE FERNS.

ACT I.

Dis.—JAKE WORTH R., *seated at table cleaning rifle.*

JAKE. There, the old gun looks better. Like myself, it is getting rusty for the want of a little work. There was a time when I could earn a good living with that old rifle. But now, I can scarcely get meat for the table.

CHICK (*outside*). Hello! Hello!

JAKE (*up* C. *looks* R.). Hello!

CHICK (*outside*). Hello!

JAKE. Hello!

CHICK (*outside*). Hello—Hello!

JAKE (*down to table* R., *sits*). Here comes the youngster, now.

(*Enter* CHICK, *running* R. U. E.)

CHICK (*out of breath*). Dad—Dad—Oh, Dad.

JAKE. Well, what's the matter? Did you fall in the river again?

CHICK. No.

JAKE. Well—can't you speak?

CHICK. Can't you wait till I get my second breath? Oh, gee, Dad, it was a bustin' sight.

JAKE. What?

CHICK. A big black bear!

JAKE (*rises*). No!

CHICK. Well! I guess I know what I am talking about. Oh, Dad, if you hurry up, we'll get him sure.

Come on, I will show you the way. (*She offers hand* —JAKE *passes* R.)

JAKE (*takes rifle*). No, you stay here (*Up* C.) if your mother asks where I am—why, just tell her.

[*Exit*, L. U. E.

CHICK (*up* C.). Oh, Dad, please, can't I go? Daddy, can't I? (*Down* C.) Well, you bet the next bear I see I won't tell you. Think's he is cute. I'll be just as cute as he is. When I get hold of his gun I'll plug the hole up, and when he goes to get another bear, the gun —Oh, gee! the bear might get Dad. No, I guess I won't do that. [*Exit*, H. R.

(*Enter* ROBERT *and* JAKE, L. U. E. ROBERT *lays gun and game-bag with knife in it on table.*)

ROBT. I knew I should find thep lace. (*To* JAKE.) Who lives here?

JAKE (*remains* C.). This, sir, is my home, not much, I must confess. But it has sheltered me and mine, over forty years.

ROBT. Indeed! I was born in this neighborhood, and until the present time was ignorant of so romantic a spot, no doubt would have remained so had I not lost my way in the woods and met you.

JAKE. Did I understand you to say you were born in this neighborhood?

ROBT. Yes, sir.

JAKE. And the name?

ROBT. Robert Myrtle.

JAKE (*starts*). Of Myrtle Ferns, the son of Henry?

ROBT. The same. Did you know him?

JAKE. Yes, a stern, proud man. But there, I am glad to have been of service to you.

ROBT. Thanks. But your arm——

JAKE (*red handkerchief around right arm*). Only a scratch, but it was a close call.

ROBT. The bear you killed?

JAKE. No, I didn't kill him.

ROBT. But when I came up he was dead.

JAKE. Not by my hand. I fired, but only wounded

him. Before I could reload he was upon me. I never knew what it was to fear, but when I felt his hot breath on my face, I lived over the past years of my life. I thought of my poor old wife and two loving children. I was about to say good by to this world, when from the bushes there sprang a wild, half starved being. Though slight of frame, he must have possessed the strength of a giant. He grasped the bear with one hand, and with lightning rapidity drove his hunting knife home with the other. Then, raising his head he said: "Thank Heaven I have been able to do one good deed." And before I could thank him he disappeared.

ROBT. Strange. What was he like?

JAKE. It was done so quickly, I can scarcely remember. He was in rags and had some kind of a red cloth around his head. (*Crosses to* H. R.) But come into the house. You must be hungry after your long tramp. There ain't much, but what there is you are welcome to. [*Exit*, H. R.

ROBT. (*up to door*, H. R.) I despise myself for this rascality. I should have informed him of the truth. That it was this little mountain home I was in search of. Where I knew I should find her, my Edith. Well, there is but one way. When you do a wrong, right it like a man. [*Exit*, H. R.

(*Enter* OAK, L. U. E.)

OAK. As I expected, the nest of a pretty bird. This is where my aristocratic friend—no, not that, for he has no love for me. I might say my future brother-in-law passes so much of his time. I wonder where my slave O'Grady is. I must be careful of him or he will die on my hands. (*Calls off* L.) O'Grady, O'Grady. (*Crosses to* R.) Here he comes and staggering like a drunken man. (*Enter* O'GRADY *staggering*, *fall* C., *very ragged make up and pale.*) Well, what's the matter? Can't you stand?

O'GRADY. Hardly. I am so weak—weak—for the want of food, and I must have it.

OAK. I will bring it to you at the cave.

O'GRADY. I will never go back to that hole again.

OAK. But the detectives?

O'GRADY. Let them come. We will go to jail together. For three days you have kept away from me. For three days I have scarcely tasted food. Why should I suffer for a crime that I never committed?

OAK. Not so loud. Our friend is here.

O'GRADY. Yes—I want to know all. I will no longer work in the dark.

OAK. You will comply with my wishes, whether they be in the dark—Bah! you will do as I say.

O'GRADY. Perhaps!

OAK. Perhaps! Refuse and see what will be the result. (*Enter* JAKE *from* H. R., *listens*) The penalty for scuttling a ship, I believe comes under the head of murder.

O'GRADY. Murder!

OAK. I don't say that you are a murderer, though a jury might, and render a verdict accordingly. I have McNeily's confession, also the agreement that was drawn up to scuttle the good ship, St. Armery. (*Exit* JAKE *in* H. R.) I think we had better agree. (*Crosses to* R.)

O'GRADY (*rises*). That paper was in my possession, it was my intention to warn the authorities, but it was stolen from me.

OAK. By who?

O'GRADY. By you!

OAK. By me?

O'GRADY. Who else, since you have it?

OAK. It matters not. I have it, and you are not safe while it hangs over you head. You have got to earn it to gain your freedom. Will you do as I say?

O'GRADY. What other chance have I?

OAK. As soon as I am married to this man's sister, you are free. If the father knew of the son's visit to this place, he would cut him off without a dollar. Should he disinherit Robert, all would go to the daughter, and as my wife, will eventually come to me.

O'GRADY. Your wife!

OAK. Yes, she thinks favorable of me, and I have the old man's consent. Robert inherits the father's disposition, stern and independent. When the old gent takes him to task for his visits here, there will be a quarrel, and the results will be——

O'GRADY. That the father turns the son from the home to take in a stranger! Why are you not content with the girl's inheritance, why do you wish to destroy a peaceful and a happy home?

OAK. If you fail to do as I bid, I swear I will never rest until you receive the full punishment of the law. The position of yachtsman is vacant at the Ferns. I shall secure it for you.

O'GRADY. In return, what am I to do?

OAK. Corroberate my statements. (*Angry*) Oh, go back to the cave, I will bring you a suit of clothes, then you can call at the mansion and ask for me. (*Sits at table*, R.)

O'GRADY (*up* C.) Heaven help me, what am I to do. He holds my freedom—my life in his hands. He said I was to have the position as yachtsman. Who knows, I may get that document back. If I do, I'll make him pay bitterly for all the misery that he has caused me.

[*Exit*, L. U. E.

(*Enter* JAKE H. R., *crosses to* C.)

OAK. I wonder what has become of McNeily. I wish I had his confession.

JAKE. Well—sir, I have.

OAK (*rizes*). You—why, sir, I don't know you.

JAKE. But I do you. Three years has changed you but little.

OAK. You spoke of a confession of one McNeily.

JAKE. Yes, a dying confession.

OAK. Indeed! What did he tell you?

JAKE. He told me how a party of men met in a grogshop one night, on the outskirts of Boston. How a young man was asked to drink, but refused. On being persuaded, he accepted cider that was drugged,

(OAK *starts*) after the drug had taken effect, he was forced to sign a paper to scuttle a ship.

OAK. Your story is interesting. What was their object in scuttling a ship, and forcing the young man to sign?

JAKE. I will answer your last question first. Their object in forcing the young man to sign was, they wanted him to do work they were afraid to do. In case he refused, they thought they held that which would force an innocent man to become a criminal. The instigator of this horrible crime, had a wife on board the ship. That was his reason for wanting her sank to the bottom of the ocean. You, sir, are that husband. To rid yourself of one, you sacrificed hundreds.

OAK. What you say is——

JAKE. The truth, I can and will prove it.

OAK. You say you can prove it—how?

JAKE. I was in the grogshop that night and overheard your conversation.

OAK (*aside*). Ruined!

JAKE. And I saw you give McNeily the money.

OAK. Even so, that does not implicate me.

JAKE (*holds up document*). No! But this does, a written confession signed by the dying man.

OAK. What do you wish me to do?

JAKE. Your duty to that poor wretch, and then, deliver yourself up to justice.

OAK (*crosses to* L. 2 E.). I will do as you request. There is a favor I would like you to grant me that you will speak of this to no one until after to-morrow. That will give me time to arrange my business affairs.

JAKE. Very well. But don't try to escape, it will do you no good.

OAK. I will not try to escape. [*Exit*, L. 2. E.

JAKE. Yes, he shall right O'Grady. He did me a good turn, now I'll save him. (*Enter* ROBT.) So you knew my daughter before, eh? Well—well.

ROBT. Yes sir, and to see her is why I am here

to-day. I would have informed you when we first met had I of known you were her father.

JAKE (*with feeling*). Would you object if a stranger knew it?

ROBT. You misunderstand me. I would not object if the world knew it.

(*Enter* EDITH H. R., *listens.*)

JAKE. You are a true man. At first I did not understand you, but now I do. She is all we have except Chick, and we love her dearly.

ROBT. (*aside*). So do I.

EDITH (*crosses to* C.). Father, mother is waiting for you.

JAKE. Oh! Oh yes, I see. (*Crosses to* H. R.) I will leave you to entertain Mr. Myrtle. [*Exit*, H. R.

EDITH. I overheard part of your conversation. What were you saying to father?

ROBT. Do you want to know? Well, I was apologizing for a lie I told him.

EDITH. Oh! You——

ROBT. Related facts. He asked if I would object if a stranger knew I came here. I replied not if the whole world knew it. And why should I?

EDITH. Robert, you are a man of honor and ought to make any woman happy.

ROBT. Then, consider yourself happy. When are you going to have me?

EDITH. Have you stopped to consider, what would your family say if they knew you had asked me to be your wife?

ROBT. My family have nothing to do with my affections. I have had no opportunity to present you. Come with me, together we will return home.

EDITH. Oh! No—he—your father——

ROBT. Will, I am sure, approve of my choice.

EDITH. He would never consent.

ROBT. Then, we will do without it. Come, do as I say and we will go to him.

EDITH. No, he must come to me. Then, if he is

willing that his son should raise one from poverty to that of his own level, I will be only to happy to say I am yours. (*Holds out hands*)

(*Enter* CHICK, R. U. E.)

ROBT. (*going to her*). Then, he shall come to you. (CHICK *between them*)

CHICK. Oh, gee—ain't you two nice. (ROBT. *laughs, crosses to* R., *sits*) Oh, don't mind me, I ain't nobody. But I reckon, mister, you are some.

ROBT. Well, I've made a favorable impression here at any rate. So you like me, do you?

CHICK. Bully!

EDITH. Chick, you must not speak so.

ROBT. There, don't mind me.

CHICK. Oh! gee, I am just dying with excitement. I wonder if dad got that bear. Say sis, scratch my back, will you? (ROBT. *laughs*) Oh, go on, he don't care, do you, mister. Your sister scratches your back, don't she?

ROBT. (*laughs*). Well—not now, but she use to.

CHICK. You see, when I saw that bear, I was in such a hurry to tell dad, that my foot slipped and I fell, and oh gee—the sand got down my back, and I commenced to slide, but I didn't go all the way to the bottom. Oh! no, I was too smart for that.

ROBT. What did you do?

CHICK. When I got half way down, I just flopped over, and my nose struck a rock, and I stood there.

ROBT. That's too bad—you must see a physician.

CHICK. What is that?

EDITH (*up* C.). Please, Chick, come.

ROBT. Let her remain. Why should you mind me?

CHICK. I like you, and I guess sis does, too.

EDITH. Please, Chick.

ROBT. How do you know?

CHICK. The other day I saw her kissing something —Oh! she didn't see me. So when she went out of the room I picked it up—and guess what it was.

ROBT. What was it? Go on and tell me.

CHICK. Getting anxious, ain't you?

ROBT. Yes—well?

CHICK. It was a picture of you.

ROBT. (*up to* EDITH). I know that your happiness is at stake as well as mine. Nothing shall seperate us.

EDITH. Chick, poor innocent child. You don't know what you have done.

CHICK. Say, mister, I didn't do any harm, did I?

ROBT. No, little girl—you only spoke the truth.

CHICK. Did I—it must have been a mistake, I seldom do.

ROBT. You did this time, and I like you for it.

CHICK. No sir, I don't want you to like me.

ROBT. Why not?

CHICK. Because it might cause trouble in the family.

[*Exit, running* R. U. E.

EDITH (ROBT. *and* EDITH *goes* C.). Now, you can understand why I refuse you, partly for her sake. At your home they would loathe her, and that I could never stand.

(*Enter* JAKE, H. R.)

ROBT. I care not for my folks, why should you for yours? Come, we will leave this place, and if the worst comes to the worst——

JAKE. Heaven forbid—(ROBT. *crosses to* R. EDITH *to* L.) it is bad enough as it is. (*To* EDITH) What does this mean?

ROBT. I will tell you, sir.

JAKE. Not from you—(*Crosses to* L. C., EDITH *up* C.) at our first acquaintance to day, you lied to me!

ROBT. How dare you——

EDITH. Remember, he is my father.

ROBT. And I, an honorable man.

JAKE. No honorable man would seek to turn the daughter against the father.

(*Enter* OAK L. U. E., *listens.*)

ROBT. Permit me to explain.

JAKE. Not one word!

ROBT. I insist—you have a wrong conception of my last words.

EDITH. Father, you are mistaken.

[*Exit* OAK, L. U. E.

JAKE (*up* C.). Your place is with your mother. Go in. (EDITH *crosses to* D. R.) Yonder, sir, is your way. (*To* EDITH) Go in! (*Exit* EDITH) I will see you to the opening of the woods. Take my advice and don't lose your way again.

(ROBT. *picks up gun, crosses to* L. U. E., *takes only gun, leave hunting-bag and knife on table.*)

ROBT. As you please, sir. Some day you will repent this. (*Enter* CHICK H. R., *listens at back*) I am not one to forget an insult. (JAKE *points* L.) No, you need not accompany me. I prefer to go alone.

[*Exit*, L. U. E.

JAKE (*going to chair*, R.). I knew there could be no good of his coming here. (*Sits*) If he dared to wrong her, I'd—(CHICK *kneels at his side*) What did he mean —if the worst comes to——

CHICK. Oh, gee! dad, you are all mixed up. He didn't want sis to run away from you, I know all about it.

JAKE. His last words, if the worst comes to the worst, we can leave this place.

CHICK (*rises, pulling* JAKE C.) Why, he meant if his daddy wouldn't consent, he'd marry Edith without it.

JAKE (*with feeling*). Then, I have wronged him. (*crosses to* D. R.) Your sister—is she inside?

CHICK. Yep—pealing 'tatoes.

JAKE. I'll see her at once. [*Exit*, H. R.

CHICK. I wonder if dad got that bear. I guess not. I wish he had, though it might of saved lots of trouble.

[*Exit*, H. R.

(*Encer* OAK L. U. E., *crosses to* C.)

OAK. The child overheard his last words which were a threat, and will remember them. (*Picks up knife*) Rather a pretty inscription. (*Starts*) Robert

Myrtle! Should this old man die, this instrument being the cause of his death, Robert would be accused of the murder. (*Lays knife on table, crosses to* C, *Enter* O'GRADY, L. U. E., *listens at back*) The evidence of the child together with that knife would be sufficient. When I informed Mr. Myrtle of the son's visit to this hut, he would not believe me, and demanded proof. He shall have it. I will wait, it may come my way. [*Exit*, L. 2 E. O'GRADY *picks knife from table and exit* L. U. E..

(*Enter* JAKE *with knife cutting plug of tobacco, followed by* EDITH, H. R. JAKE *first.*)

JAKE. There—there, my child, I am sorry, but you can easily make it up. That is, if he cares for you. (*Sits at table*, R.)

EDITH. If you had allowed him—to speak.

JAKE. I thought I was in the right. Now, go in and send Chick to me with my pipe. (*Exit* EDITH, H. R. *Enter* OAK L. 2. E., *crosses to* H.) I wonder if he meant right by her. If he dared to wrong her, I'd— (*Lays knife on table*) Why should he? (OAK *gets knife*, JAKE *crosses to* C.) She is fit to be the wife of a Prince. (OAK *stabs him*—O'GRADY *enters* L. U. E., *sees murder and exits* L. U. E. *In struggle* JAKE *gets handkerchief from* OAK—*he falls* C.—OAK *takes document from* JAKE *and exit* L. 2 E.) Help—help—some one come to me—I——

(*Enter* CHICK D. R., *with pipe.*)

CHICK. Oh, gee! Dad, but this pipe is rank. (JAKE *groans*—CHICK *drops pipe, runs to* JAKE) Why, daddy, you have been hurt, there is blood—Oh, daddy, who did it—who did——

JAKE (*dying*). Find the owner—owner of this—this handkerchief—and you—you—will have my murderer. (*Dies*)

CHICK. Oh, daddy, speak to me—speak to me! Edith! Edith! (*Enter* EDITH, H. R.) See! It's poor dad. (*Bows head*)

EDITH (*kneels*). Dead—dead!

(*Enter* OAK L. 2 E.)

OAK. Why, what has happened?

EDITH. My poor father has been cruelly murdered.

OAK. Murdered! And by whom?

EDITH. We know not. I wish I did!

OAK. Who was with your father last?

EDITH. Why—why——

CHICK. Mr. Myrtle.

OAK. Did they part friends? (*To* CHICK) Did you hear them?

CHICK. Yes.

OAK. What were his last words?

CHICK. Some day you will repent this, I am not one to forget an insult.

OAK: See—there is game bag—and knife belt. The sheath is empty—and there is the knife. (EDITH *picks up knife*) Look at the name on the handle?

EDITH. The name on the handle is——

OAK. Robert Myrtle!

EDITH. No—there is no name. It is a blank.

OAK. Then, there is no clue. [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

CHICK (*rises*). Yes, there is! This handkerchief.

CURTAIN.

(*N. B.*—OAK *lays knife in front of* JAKE *after he stabs him.*)

ACT II.

(*Enter* C. D. L.—*at rise* OAK *and* MR. MYRTLE.)

OAK (*crosses to* R.). I am afraid, sir, you are borrowing trouble.

MR. MYRTLE. I sent you last night to this woman's house, did you go?

OAK. Yes, sir.

MR. MYRTLE. My son, you found him there with this girl?

OAK. I did.

MR. MYRTLE. Then what do you mean by saying I'm borrowing trouble. From you I received the information of my son's visit to this hut. I could not believe it, and demanded proof. You went there and found him with this old man's daughter.

OAK. Wait until you see Robert. He will explain satisfactory. Bob is a man of honor.

MR. MYRTLE. Quite true, sir. He is a Myrtle and the first to cause a blush of shame to our family.

OAK. Since our acquaintance we have been like brothers. If he has been indiscreet, and will make amends you, sir, I trust, will forgive him.

MR. MYRTLE. No, sir. He is old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. Should I countenance such conduct, I would indeed be as bad as he. [*Exit* C. D. L.

OAK (*sit* R. *Sarcastic*). Since our acquaintance we have been like brothers! what will be the result when he learns that his son has been accused of murder. Could I have been mistaken about that knife; no, I read the name on the handle. She lied to me. No matter, O'Grady shall be a witness, and after my friend Robert has been convicted, I will console the sister, by making her my wife—and will be a dutiful son-in-law to the old man—till I get his money. (*Laugh outside* L. OAK *looks* L.) Here comes my future happiness. Let me succeed here and I can easily hoodwink the venerable old gent.

(*Enter* EMMA C. D. L.)

EMMA. Mr. Oak, I've been waiting for you some time. (*Sit* R.)

OAK. I am yours to command. (*Behind table*, R.)

EMMA. What is the matter? You look as blue as indigo.

OAK. I have just had an interview with your father. Your brother was the subject of our conversation, and I'm afraid your father——

EMMA. Will turn Robert out. Don't permit that to worry you, my brother is too noble to commit a dishonorable action. Father will laugh at his anger when he explains.

OAK. I sincerely trust so. What a delightful companion you are. I am myself again, and waiting to obey you.

EMMA. I will not detain you long.

OAK. I hope you will be in no hurry to dismiss me.

EMMA. Who is the new yachtman I met for the first time this morning? How sad he looked. Do you know I have an excellent study—I mean for faces. (OAK *starts.*) Mr. Oak, are you ill? Shall I ring?

OAK. No—no. (*Crosses to* C.) It is nothing.

EMMA. To return to our subject. What was I saying?

OAK. You were speaking of the boatman.

EMMA. Oh, yes. Do you know he is very gallant, he raised his hat with as much ease and grace—as any gentlemen I ever saw.

OAK. It was I who recommended him to your father. He has been in the employ of an old friend of mine, an English Baronet. You can trust him, he knows every rope on a yacht. (*Up* C.) What do you say if we test his ability as a sailor?

EMMA. I must see him first.

OAK (*turns quick*). No! you must not do that. (D. C.)

EMMA (*rises*). And why not, pray?

OAK (*confused*). Your father—might not think it proper——

EMMA. I question the man that sails my boat? Excuse me, Mr. Oak, I do not risk my life with strangers.

OAK. It is for your sake I am anxious. You know I would willingly give my life to serve you, you extend no encouragement—tell me some day I may hope you will be——

(*Enter* LARRY *quick* C. D. L.)

LARRY. Late for your horse back ride, miss, if you don't hurry. (OAK *cross to* L. C., EMMA *up* L. C.)

OAK. The third time he has done the same thing.

EMMA (*to* LARRY). Very opportune, Larry. (*Aloud*) I will go at once. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

OAK. Larry!

LARRY. Yes, sir.

OAK. Would you like to have me for a friend?

LARRY. No, sir.

OAK. No—and why?

LARRY. I have so many friends now, at the end of the month I have no wages coming to me.

OAK (*sarcastic*). You are a smart boy! (*Sits on sofa*)

LARRY. Do you think so?

OAK. Permit me to inform you that your smartness will get you into trouble.

LARRY. Well, yours won't!

OAK. How is it you happen to enter the room when Miss Myrtle and myself are together? I object to such conduct.

LARRY. Does Miss Myrtle?

OAK (*surprised*). Does Miss Myrtle? (*Rise*) What do you mean?

LARRY. Well—the first time I did it, she called me dear Larry. The second time, she gave me a new suit of clothes. I'll tell you in the morning what I get's for this time.

OAK. Do you know what you are going to get the next time?

LARRY. No—what will I get?

OAK. Kicked from the room.

LARRY. Is that all?

OAK. No, from the house as well.

LARRY. It will be the happiest day of my life when you kick me!

OAK Why?

LARRY. It will give me a chance to kick you back!

OAK (*up to* LARRY). You scoundrel! I'll——

(*Raise hand*)

LARRY. Well, why don't you! (OAK *reaches for back pocket*) What are you after there?

OAK. Why, my——

LARRY. It's in the other pocket.

OAK. Will you leave the room?

LARRY. I will! Not because I am afraid of you, (*Up* C.) simply because I am tired of your company. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

OAK. What did he mean? Does she dislike me? No—I'm a fool to pay any attention to a servant. The old gentleman has promised her to me, and when (*Cross to* R. C.) he speaks, they must obey.

(*Enter* ROBERT D. R., *cross to desk* L. C.)

ROBT. Good morning, Oak. Any letters?

OAK. Not that I know of. Have you seen your father this morning?

ROBT. (D. C. L.). No, anything particular?

OAK (*aside*). The old man here. (*Aloud, hypocritical*) I mean the respect due your father. He is getting along in years, and you should endeavor to make his remaining days as happy as you can.

MR. MYRTLE. Noble youth! Would that my son were like him.

ROBT. See here, Oak, I don't understand.

MR. MYRTLE (*down* C.). Then, I will enlighten you. (*To* OAK) Leave us.

OAK (*cross to* C., MR. MYRTLE *to* R. C.). Pardon me, sir, but I trust you won't be too severe.

ROBT. Excuse me, sir! When I want you to plead in my behalf, I will ask you, if necessary. I can defend myself.

MR. MYRTLE (*to* OAK). Leave us, my son. (OAK *bows up* C.) [*Exit*, C. D. L.

ROBT. Your son? Not while I am her brother!

MR. MYRTLE. Silence! Where were you last night?

ROBT. Here, in the house.

Mr. MYRTLE. I mean yesterday afternoon.

ROBT. At the house of Mr. Worth. Why do you ask?

MR. MYRTLE. Don't question me, sir! You are here to answer. How often have you been there?

ROBT. Yesterday, for the first time.

MR. MYRTLE (*sarcastic*). Did you go to see Mr. Worth?

ROBT. No, sir, I called to see his daughter, Miss Edith.

MR. MYRTLE. You are very familiar, considering you have been there but once.

ROBT. Why, father, I have known the young lady for some time. Wait until you have seen her, and I am positive you will approve of my choice.

MR. MYRTLE (*sarcastic*). Your choice! A fine companion for you, the daughter of a beggar that entices the sons of respectable men into her miserable hut, so that shame and disgrace may follow. If you have no regard for me, at least remember you have a sister. (*Cross to* R.)

ROBT. You do a terrible injustice to one of the noblest women that ever lived. What right have you to judge? You have not even seen her, your only excuse is, that she is poor. A great crime in the eyes of a rich man.

MR. MYRTLE. How dare you!

ROBT. For shame! Such principles are beneath the dignity of honest men. You have no right to doubt me. I never deceived you in my life. (*Cross to* L.)

MR. MYRTLE. Are you going to marry this person?

ROBT. No sir.

MR. MYRTLE. No sir—and why?

ROBT. She is too honorable to marry a son, without his father's consent.

MR. MYRTLE (C.). Which I will never give. (*Enter* LARRY *and* EMMA, L. D. C.) I forbid you to see her again. Will you obey me?

ROBT. No, I cannot promise that.

MR. MYRTLE. Then you are no son of mine, this house can shelter you no longer. (*Cross to* R. C.) Go, I never want to see your face again.

EMMA (*down to* ROBT.). No father. If he goes—I leave with him.

LARRY. Yes sir. We'll all go.

MR. MYRTLE. You get out!

LARRY. Yes sir. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

(EMMA *and* ROBT. *up* C.)

ROBT. Come sis, and I'll explain the cause of this difficulty. [*Exit with* EMMA C. D. L.

MR. MYRTLE. The boy made me ashamed. How proud he looked, but I am in the right, she is no mate for him. I'd like to see her—and I will. Why, perhaps Mr. Oak has. (*Ring bell, enter* LARRY C. D. L.) Inform MR. Oak that I desire his presence. (*Sit* R.)

LARRY. Yes, sir. (*Start* L.) Here he comes now. Speak of the old boy—and some of his relation's are bound to appear. (*Enter* OAK C. D. L., *looks at* LARRY *snaps fingers in* LARRY'S *face then* D. L. C.) The looks of him would kill a frog. [*Exit* C. D. L.

MR. MYRTLE. MR. Oak, did you see the girl last night?

OAK. Which one?

MR. MYRTLE. Miss Edith.

OAK. Yes sir.

MR. MYRTLE. What is she like?

OAK. Mr Myrtle, I hope you will pardon me, but this is placing me in unpleasant position, if you insist I must answer. But sincerely trust you will spare me.

MR. MYRTLE. I understand your motive for silence and appreciate it. But I am his father and what I do is for his own good. Go on sir.

OAK. I have only this to say, if I am a judge of nature, she is anything but a fit companion for your son.

MR. MYRTLE (*up* C.). He has been deceived. I will speak to again, and if he refuses to obey, he shall leave my house. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

OAK. He loves the boy and it will be hard to turn him out. The authorities have been notified of the murder, a gentle hint and a reward will set the sheriff to

work. Unless I am mistaken my friend Robert will sleep in jail to-night. (*Laugh outside* L.) They are in excellent humor, what can it mean? (*Cross to* D. R.) Well, it's sunshine now, it will be cloudy before long. [*Exit*, D. R.

(*Enter* C. D. L. EMMA.)

EMMA. Who can be the instigator of this trouble (*Sit* R.) Poor Bob it was all I could do to persuade him not to leave. And the new boatman, Mr. O'Grady, two or three times I have noticed a sad look as though he pitied me. (*Enter* OAK, C. D. R.) I can't get a word from him.

OAK. Alone.

EMMA. Mr Oak, how came father to know of Bob's visits to the home of Mr. Worth?

OAK. He insisted, I was obliged to inform him.

EMMA. So! You followed Robert.

OAK (*embarrassed*). No—I—I did not follow him.

EMMA. How did you know?

OAK. From your brother.

EMMA. Strange my brother should make you his confident. (*Rise.*) However you might of had some consideration for me, if not for Bob. I am expecting a visit from an old schoolfriend. This scandal will be sure to reach her. (*Cross to* L C.) You can imagine how pleasant it will be for me.

OAK. It will never reach her through me. There is no sacrifice—nothing I would not do to please you. I have but one thought—one ambition, that some day I may call you mine. (*Enter* LARRY C. D. L.) Tell me that you——

LARRY. Will have to hurry if you are going to meet your friend.

EMMA. (*laughs up* L. C.). Very well Larry. Mr. Oak will excuse me I am sure. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

OAK (*sarcastic*). Again!

LARRY. Yes again. (*Sit* R.)

OAK. What are you waiting for?

LARRY. To be kicked out? Say what will you give me, if I let you alone?

OAK (*aside*). With a little money I can buy this fellow.

LARRY. He's talking with the devil now. (*Sits.*)

OAK. Larry, come here, I want you.

LARRY. Then, you will have to come to me, I'm tired.

OAK. You needn't fear, I won't hurt you.

LARRY. Don't flatter (*To* C.) yourself, I am not afraid of you. Do you know the old Irish saying?

OAK. No—what is it?

LARRY. A man that is honest and tries to do his duty, need fear no one. But he who has a black heart and a dark secret, gets neither rest or peace. And I am after thinking it's mighty little sleep that you get.

OAK. Indeed, what makes you think so?

LARRY. I will tell you. When master Bob came home from school he brought you with him. That same day I found a little puppy which had lost its mother and strayed into the road. A wagon run over it, hearing it's pitiful cries, I gently picked it up and placed it in a basket. Then I ran to the house to get something to bind up its wounds with. You came along, attracted by its pitiful cries, you went out of your way to kick the basket. Not satisfied with this, you put your foot under the poor little sufferer and kicked it over the stone wall. But it never struck the hard ground you intended it should. Oh, no! I saw your wicked act—got around the stone wall first, and received the poor little dog in my arms. And I knew that he who would abuse a dumb animal, would never hesitate to sacrifice his best friend. (*Cross to* OAK.) Rap that in your cigarette and puff it. (*Snaps fingers in* OAK'S *face up* C.—OAK *jumps up as to strike him.*)

OAK. If I gave you your just deserts I'd—— (LARRY, *attitude of fight.*) Bah! I am a fool to banter words with you. (*Cross to* D. R.) Your insolence will receive it's just reward. [*Exit*, D. R.

LARRY. Another failure. I'll hit himthe next time we meet, (*Enter* CHICK, C. D. L.) for disappointing me —(*Sees* CHICK.) How did you get in? (CHICK *runs* R.) Oh, you needn't fear me, I wouldn't harm a hair in your head. (*Up* C.) Sit down, and I'll tell the lady of the house you want to see her.

CHICK. But I don't want to see her.

LARRY. Who do you want to see?

CHICK. I want to see the man that was at our house.

LARRY (*aside*). This must be the sister. Do you mean Mr. Robert?

CHICK. No, the other man.

LARRY. It's Oak she means. I'll send him to you at once. Then I tell Mr. Myrtle that Oak is here making love to the other sister, and that will square master Bob. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

CHICK. Poor—poor dad, how lonely it is now that you are gone. No more shall I watch and wait. No more will I listen for the old familiar sound, the rustling of the leaves down the mountain trail, that use to tell me, my dad was coming home. That is all over now. Oh, if I could only find out who did it, so that I could save my poor sister. (*Enter* OAK D. R.) But I will and I——

OAK. What are you doing here?

CHICK. I came to see you, sir. You said you would come back and help us to find the one that killed my poor father.

OAK. I said nothing of the kind, and you did wrong to come here.

CHICK. You say you did not tell us you would return——

OAK. Tut—tut, it would be of no use unless we had proof. Are you certain the knife had no name on the handle? Think, my little girl.

CHICK. No—there was no name on the handle.

OAK. Then we can do nothing without a clue, which you say you have not?

CHICK. No.

OAK (*cross to* L. C.). Then, you may as well go home.

CHICK (*up* C.). Oh! yes, I have got something——

OAK (*quick*). You have—what? (*Up* C., CHICK *runs* R. C.)

CHICK. You—you frighten me.

OAK. I was only anxious for your sake, what have you?

CHICK. A handkerchief with letters on.

OAK (*aside*). Mine! I must have it, or she never leaves here. (*Aloud.*) Let me see it?

CHICK. No—I don't like you, and you sha'n't have it.

OAK. As you please, but, as you cannot read, you don't know whether they are letters or not.

CHICK. I can read a little—and I know one of the letters is——

OAK. Yes, yes——

CHICK. A big round O!

OAK. By all, that's bad! Come, let me see it!

CHICK. You will give it back to me—you can read, can't you? (*Holds up handkerchief.*)

OAK. Yes, my dear. (*Grabs handkerchief.*) Has any one else seen this?

CHICK. Only you and I.

OAK. You are mistaken, (*Puts handkerchief in pocket, crosses to* L. C.) there is nothing on it.

CHICK (*up* C.). You said you would give it back to me.

OAK. You have no right to it, it is mine.

CHICK (*turns quick*). Yours?

OAK. Yes.

CHICK. Are you quite sure?

OAK. Yes, quite sure!

CHICK. Then, it was you that killed my poor, old father!

OAK. What?

CHICK. Yes, you! the last words he ever spoke were, find the owner of that handkerchief, and you will have my murderer!

OAK. Silence! How dare you speak so to me!

(*Enter* O'GRADY, C. D. R.)

CHICK. I have a right to speak, and I will!

OAK. If you do, I'll——(*Starts for* CHICK.)

O'GRADY (*between them*). Touch her, if you dare!

OAK. She knows too much—she must not leave here.

O'GRADY. She shall leave, and no one will harm her.

OAK. Take care! If you interfere, I'll throw you from that window.

O'GRADY. Try it! What I am doing is for the best. Leave her to me, you have nothing to fear. Little one, the handkerchief is no clue.

CHICK. There is a name on it, I am sure.

O'GRADY. Will you not trust me?

CHICK. Yes, for I like you, but I don't like him.

O'GRADY. Then, promise to say nothing of this interview, and I will do all that I can for you.

CHICK. I promise to say nothing—even to sis, but, you will try—won't you, to find who killed my poor old father? (O'GRADY *starts.*) Perhaps you know—yes, you do know——

OAK. Yes, I——

OAK (*has newspaper*). The steamship, St. Armery, more news of that terrible disaster! (*Crosses to* L. C.)

O'GRADY. I will aid you if I can. Go, now, and when you are outside—run—run as fast as you can until you are safe home.

CHICK. Home? We have no home, now that poor dad is gone. [*Exit*, C. D. L.

OAK. Do you pity her?

O'GRADY. From the bottom of my heart.

OAK. You had better keep the sympathy for yourself, you will need it before I am through with you—that is, if you behave as you did a few moments ago.

O'GRADY. How much longer am I to be your slave?

OAK. Until I am married to Miss Myrtle!

(O'GRADY *starts.*) Ah, I thought so! Have you had any conversation with her lately, I mean in private?

O'GRADY. Why do you ask?

OAK. That is my business. In the future, I forbid you to speak to her. It is dangerous for us both.

O'GRADY. I don't understand.

OAK. Then, I will make myself clear, you are in love with her. Do you take me for a fool? When I spoke of making her my wife, you blushed to the roots of your hair like a schoolboy. You do love her, and there is no use denying it.

O'GRADY. Well?

OAK. You will notify Mr. Myrtle you are going to leave.

O'GRADY. I will do nothing of the kind!

OAK (*crosses to* R.). Then, I will do it for you.

O'GRADY (*quick*). You had better—(OAK *looks at him.*)—allow me to remain. (OAK C. R., O'GRADY *down* R. *corner.*)

(*Enter* MR. MYRTLE *and* BOB—EMMA C. D. L., EMMA *down* R. C., MR. MYRTLE. *and* BOB *down* L. C.)

MR. MYRTLE. Here we are—here we are! I knew my son would not refuse to obey his old dad.

OAK. Words cannot express my pleasure at seeing you and your son once more united. Robert, if I have offended you, I trust you will forgive me.

ROBT. Certainly. I am not one to bare malice

(*Enter* LARRY C. D. L.)

LARRY. If you please Master Robert, there is a man outside—who wants to see you.

ROBT. Admit him.

LARRY (*looks* L. C.). This way, sir if you please.

(*Enter Sheriff* C. D. L. *with hunting bag and knife belt same that Bob used in Act I.*)

SHERIFF (*to* MR. MYRTLE). Sorry to disturb your household sir. (*To* BOB.) You, sir, are my prisoner!

ALL. Prisoner?

ROBT. On what charge?

SHERIFF. Murder!

ROBERT. Oh, this is ridiculous.

MR. MYRTLE. One moment, sir.

SHERIFF. I am doing my duty, sir.

MR. MYRTLE. And there is no one here to oppose you. What proof have you that my son is guilty? (*To* BOB.) Why don't you speak and say you are innocent?

EMMA. He need not say—we know he is!

SHERIFF. Hunting bag and sheath are yours—are they not.

ROBT. Yes.

SHERIFF. They were found at the murdered man's cabin. The knife that did the work belongs in that sheath. (*Up to* C. D.)

MR. MYRTLE. If this be true, may Heaven forgive you—for—I—I never can. (*Sinks on sofa*, L.)

O'GRADY (*to* OAK). Don't you see you are killing the father as well as the son. Have you no mercy—no feeling? (OAK *in anger takes his hand to silence him.*)

EMMA. ROBERT, look me in the face. (BOB *does so.*) No you are not guilty—though the evidence were ten times as strong—though the whole world were against you—I believe—I know you are innoeent.

LARRY (C.). And so do I! (*To* OAK.) Come out of that you and look at me!

EMMA. Larry?

LARRY. Forgive me miss. But I believe those two know more than they are willing to tell. You Mr. Oak won't speak, because you're hard by name—and hard by nature. But you—who are you?

O'GRADY. My name is O'Grady.

LARRY. You lie! The O'Grady's were men—not cowards!

O'GRADY. Coward!

LARRY. Aye! coward, if you were not that same, you'd speak out and tell what you know, and save this good family from disgrace.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

(Dis.—O'GRADY *seated on stump* R., OAK C. *with overcoat and document in hand.)*

OAK (*holds up document*). Do you see this. It is the agreement that was drawn up to scuttle the ship, and it is signed by you. Should it fall into the hands of the authorities, it would land you in jail—perhaps on the gallows. Think over my proposition and give me your answer in the morning. (*Enter* LARRY R. E. *cross to* L. *when* L. C. OAK. *speaks to him.*) Where have you been?

LARRY. If any one asks you—tell them that you don't know.

OAK. I understand you are about to leave us?

LARRY. I have me notice to quit, and I suppose I can thank you for it.

OAK. I said your insolence would get you in trouble—you see I prophesied correctly.

LARRY. You did, sir. As to my discharge don't let that worry you, faith I am use to it. I get discharged one day and hired back the next. But this time I am not going to ask to be taken back.

OAK. Why not?

LARRY. I have a little work of my own to do, I am going to turn detective! (O'GRADY *starts. Aside.*) I thought so. (*Aloud.*) And if the Lord is with those who try to do right. I'll liberate Master Robert and place the rope around the neck of the guilty one.

OAK. A grand resolve. To show how I appreciate your noble endeavor, I am going to aid you. (*Cross to* LARRY.)

LARRY. I want nothing from you, give it to your second in command there—(*Turns* L.) you black hearted——

OAK. What do you mean?

LARRY. Who's talking to you?

OAK. To who then?

LARRY. Your betters—a snake that ran in the grass yonder.

OAK. I have stood all from you I am going to, (*Cross to* R.) you shall leave this place to-day.

LARRY. Will I?

OAK. Go to the devil. [*Exit* R. I. E.

LARRY. How can I when you run away from me. (*Sees* O'GRADY.) I wonder what's the matter with this chap. Yonder goes your master, why don't you follow him?

O'GRADY. I have no angry words for you, your heart is in the right place, and you try to do your duty.

LARRY (*cross to* H. L.). For the first time in my life I am lost for answer. I don't think he's as bad as I thought him. [*Exit* H. L.

O'GRADY. Yonder goes your master, why don't you follow him.

(*Enter* EMMA *and* LARRY H. L. LARRY *remains in door.*)

EMMA. Who do you mean Larry?

LARRY. That poor chap over there. Speak a kind word to him. I think I have been the cause of making him feel bad. [*Exit*, H. L.

EMMA. Speak a kind word to him. I wish he would let me. The moment I approach he will leave. Oh, I hate a man that won't talk. Mr. O'Grady, are you going to use the boat?

O'GRADY (*rise*). No, Miss. (*Up* C.)

EMMA (*cross to* R.). Do you think the weather favorable?

O'GRADY. Yes, miss.

EMMA. Thank you. Yes; miss—no miss, that's all I ever heard that man say. I wish he had never come here. No, I don't mean that—I—I don't know what I do mean, but I'll make him talk. Mr. O'Grady.

O'GRADY. Yes, miss.

EMMA. Am I so repulsive, that when we meet you endeavor to avoid me?

O'GRADY. No—no, not that, if I seem ungentle-

manly, it is because I am afraid of presuming. You must remember your position—and mine, your servant.

EMMA. Let us forget formality. Will you pardon my inquisitiveness?

O'GRADY. Certainly.

EMMA. Have you always followed the sea?

O'GRADY. Not always.

EMMA (*sit*). Will you relate to me something of your past?

O'GRADY. If you care to know.

EMMA. I should very much.

O'GRADY. My past has not been a happy one. I am alone in the world—except a little sister, or rather she was little when I left my home. Pardon my weakness, but the sound of the word home recalls recollections of the past. A father I scarcely remember, but a mother! bless her dear old heart at the hearth stone of a night, with my sister, a little blue eyed lass on her lap, while I lay at her feet. I remember it as though it were yesterday, her parting words to me. You my son are going out in the world to do for yourself. We may never meet again, but let my words be engraven on your memory. Always be honest, upright and just.

EMMA. And I know you have.

O'GRADY. No, I have not.

EMMA (*rise*). You have not? (*Turn* R.)

O'GRADY. Don't—don't turn from me, I am no criminal. (*She turns to him.*) I want you to think kindly of me, and I dare not tell you that which hangs over my head and makes my life miserable. Oh, if I dared to trust—if I dared to tell you the cause of my downfall.

EMMA. You can trust me, your secret I will never reveal, and if I can, I will aid you.

O'GRADY. You shall—(*Looks around*)—know for I long to confide in some one. Six years ago, I was the owner of a fine plantation in Louisiana. Reverses came and I resolved to go east. Before doing so I left all in the hands of an old friend, with the understanding should he be able to do anything with the old place, I

were to receive half. On my arrival east I became acquainted with a stranger. He pictured bright prospects to me—I listened to him for I was anxious to redeem myself. I cannot explain how, but that man got me under the influence of liquor for the first time in my life. Not knowing what I was doing, I signed my name to a paper to commit a terrible crime.

EMMA. But you did not do it?

O'GRADY. No, I did not!

EMMA. You are not deceiving me?

O'GRADY. As I hope for mercy hereafter I am speaking the truth!

EMMA. And I believe you! But this agreement?

O'GRADY. Is held by this man—until I get it, I am——

LARRY (*outside*). Wait a moment miss, I will send her to you.

EMMA (*cross to* L.). If you ever want a friend, don't hesitate to come to me. (O'GRADY *bows and exit*, R. U. E.)

(*Enter* LARRY H. L.)

LARRY. If you please, Miss, there is a lady to see you.

EMMA. Ask her to step this way.

LARRY. This way miss, if you please.

(*Enter* EDITH H. L. *Exit* LARRY H. L.)

EMMA. Miss Worth?

EDITH. Yes.

EMMA. I have been expecting you, I am more than pleased.

EDITH. Your kindness—how can I ever repay you? (*Cross to* R.)

EMMA. By helping me to exonerate my brother, and at the same time add to your own happiness.

EDITH. My happiness?

EMMA. I know all, Bob's love for you and how he hopes one day to make you his wife.

EDITH. That can never be.

EMMA. Oh, yes it can. You allude to my father, it is for that purpose I invited you here. I am going to rechristen you. In the future you will be a Miss Summers. I informed father I was expecting a visit from the aforesaid lady. An old school friend of mine.

EDITH. Is he rich?

EMMA. You must pardon me—but I anticipated, you will find every thing ready for the disguise. I understand your feelings in this manner—but remember it is for Bob's sake. I want my father to know—to learn to love you, as I am sure he will.

EDITH. I don't know——

EMMA. But I do. Come Miss Summers—no come, sister. (EDITH *goes to* EMMA.) Larry.

(*Enter* LARRY H. L.)

LARRY. Yes, Miss. (*Cross to* C.)

EMMA. See that Miss Summer's baggage is taken up stairs.

EDITH. Oh, I haven't any! [*Exit with* EMMA H. L.

LARRY. It's all up there! That's the young lady. Oh, poor Master Robert, how my heart aches for him. Yonder is the jail. Five miles between him and his sweetheart.

(*Enter* EMMA H. L.)

EMMA. Larry, do you know who that lady is?

LARRY. Yes, Miss, I do.

EMMA. If necessary—would you object telling a lie for me?

LARRY. Devil a one. I'll tell a dozen if you want me to.

EMMA. I want no one to know this lady is Miss Worth. Should any one ask, or if you are obliged to speak to her, remember she is Miss Summers, at least for the present.

LARRY. I never saw the lady before, and I'll swear she is Miss Summers till I'm black in the face.

EMMA. This deception may be wrong, but I am positive good will come of it. I can depend upon you?

LARRY. Faith you can, but hold on—did you know I had been discharged?

EMMA. Then I will reengage you. As long as I have a home you shall never want.

LARRY. And as long as I have life I will do all I can to deserve it. Have you heard from Master Robert?

EMMA. Yes, his trial takes place to-morrow. He will be acquitted and we will have him home once more.

LARRY. I am afraid you are mistaken.

EMMA. Mistaken?

LARRY. Yes, Miss, for those who put him there will not allow him to escape so easily. You see—should Master Robert be convicted, the case would end and the guilty have naught to fear.

EMMA. Should he be liberated?

LARRY. The guilty would be hunted down. Now you see.

EMMA. You suspect some one?

LARRY. Yes, Mr. Oak!

EMMA. Mr. Oak? What benefit could he derive?

LARRY. You are promised to Mr Oak by your father, once his wife half your father's fortune would be his. Should your brother die or bring disgrace on the family, who would get the other half?

EMMA. Oh, I must see Mr. Oak. (*Start for* H. L.)

LARRY. No, don't do that, leave it to me and I will save your brother.

EMMA. You will save him?

LARRY. I have sworn that he should never be convicted, and I'll keep my word. Find if your father has disinherited your brother. But don't let Oak know you suspect him.

EMMA. Trust me. And I sincerely hope you succeed. [*Exit*, H. L.

LARRY. Faith, I hope I may. (*Turns* R.) Here comes my bird now, and as I have no desire to see him, I'll follow Miss Emma. [*Exit*, H. L.

(*Enter* OAK *helping on* MR. MYRTLE R. U. E. *cross to chair* C.)

OAK. I am pleased you are better. Come sit here. (MYRTLE *sits.*) You are fatigued, and must be careful not to exert yourself.

MR. MYRTLE. Ask my daughter to step this way. I desire to speak with her.

OAK. Certainly. (*Cross to* H.) Oh, allow me to place this coat around your shoulders. The air from the bay is chilly. (*Cross to* H. L. *Place coat on shoulder.*)

MR. MYRTLE. Your kindness—your devotion to me I shall never forget.

OAK (*solemn*). My dear sir, if we would all endeavor to make others happy, how much misery and suffering might we not save in this world. [*Exit*, H. L.

MR. MYRTLE. Bob—Bob you are killing your old father. (EMMA *enter* L. U. E. *cross to* C.) I am thankful his mother did not live to endure this agony. My son a murderer.

EMMA (*kneels*). Father your son is no murderer!

MR. MYRTLE. Would I could think so. But there, we will drop the subject, as it is an unpleasant one. I wish to speak of the future. Regarding Mr. Oak——

EMMA. We will speak of him some other time. (*Lays coat over back of chair.*) My school friend has arrived, I want you to meet her. I left Miss Summers when Oak called me.

MR. MYRTLE (*rises.*) Certainly my daughter. We must not forget the courtesy due our guests (*Exit*, EMMA) though we are obliged to carry heavy hearts. [*Exit*, H. L.

(*Enter* CHICK R.U.E. *running.*)

CHICK. He was here a few moments ago, for hours I have been watching him. I will not leave until I get that handkerchief. There he is in the house, and he will return it if—(*Sees coat*) His coat! (*Examines it—get document—then get handkerchief from pocket.*) The handkerchief! Well you bet he won't get this again. He is coming, I'll just climb. [*Exit running* R. U. E.

(*Enter* OAK. H. L. *gets coat.*)

OAK. How stupid to leave this here. Had it fallen into other hands I might have been ruined. To-morrow is the day set for his trial, to-night he will be lynched. (*Laughs.*) How shall I ever survive the disgrace of my willful brother-in-law. [*Exit*, H. L.

(*Enter* CHICK *and* O'GRADY R. U. E.)

CHICK. Say mister you ain't angry—are you?

O'GRADY. No, but it was wrong to return.

CHICK. I was so hungry——

O'GRADY. Are you hungry?

CHICK. Oh, gee! I could eat a raw mattus.

O'GRADY. You mean a tomato. Wait, I'll get you something. (*Cross to* L.)

CHICK. No, don't go, I can wait. (*Cross to* L. C., O'GRADY *sits* R.) Who is that man that just went in there? I mean the one that stole my handkerchief?

O'GRADY. Mr. Oak?

CHICK. Oak—Oak! He's got another name, hasn't he?

O'GRADY. Yes, Nelson Oak.

CHICK (*aside*). I wish I could read, I wish it now more than ever. Say, mister, can't you teach me to read, just a little?

O'GRADY. Not now, I am in no humor, besides it would require patience and many weeks.

CHICK. You said you would do anything for me, and I don't ask much.

O'GRADY. You will have to wait until I can get you a spelling-book.

CHICK (*picks up piece of bark*). Oh, this will do. You write two words on this, and I will try and spell them out.

O'GRADY. Oh—well, what shall it be?

CHICK. Let me see, oh, yes, Nelson Oak.

O'GRADY (*starts*). No—no, not that, think of something else.

CHICK. I thought of that first, and I won't have any other.

O'GRADY. Just as you please. (*Writes.*) Nelson Oak. There, that will do. (*Hands bark.*)

CHICK (*cross* C.). Yes, it will do for what I want. (*Lights half down—put on rea.*)

O'GRADY. What is your name?

CHICK. Chick, that's all—ain't much, is it? (*Flash of lightning and sound of thunder.*)

O'GRADY. You are a nice little girl, Chick. But you use an expression that don't sound very ladylike. Oh, gee!

CHICK. You git out! Say, don't you want to know where I live? Let me know when you are coming, and I'll dust up a little.

O'GRADY. I certainly will call. (*Lightning and thunder.*)

CHICK. Not much, you won't! I am not receiving the attentions of young men—just yet. (*Loud clap of thunder.*)

O'GRADY. There is going to be a storm. (*Up* C.) I must look after the boats. You remain, I won't be gone long. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

CHICK (*compares bark and handkerchief*). The same as on the bark, and the owner of this, is the one that killed my old dad. (*Up* C.) Oh! If I only had some one to help me.

(*Enter* LARRY H. L.)

LARRY. What, you? Oh, Lord! it's the sister, she'll recognize the other, and there will be the devil to pay. (*Takes* CHICK'S *arm—leads her down* C.)

CHICK (*throws off hand*). See here, mister, I am not very broad nor very tall, but I am just about the right size to know the respect due a lady.

LARRY (*takes hold of her*). Come here, I have no time to fool with you. Do you love your sister?

CHICK. Better than my life—is there anything the matter? Speak!

LARRY. Not yet. But there will be if you don't help me. Can you lie?

CHICK (*laughs*). Oh, gee! can't I?

(*Enter* O'GRADY L. U. E.)

LARRY. Faith! you are a lady. Come with me, and I'll tell you what's to be done. (*Up* C. *with* CHICK.)

O'GRADY. I am pleased to find you in good company. Larry is a man of honor, and worth making a friend of. (*Cross to* R. C.)

LARRY. O'Grady, you're a puzzle to me.

O'GRADY. I don't understand you.

LARRY. I don't understand myself. If I have wronged you, I ask you to forgive me.

O'GRADY (*offers hand*). With all my heart.

LARRY. O'Grady! let you be what you may, I like you. (*Takes hand.*) Come, my lady, I want to prepare you for the sacrifice. (*Up* C., CHICK *up to* L. U. E.) You will have to lie like the devil.

CHICK. You will be proud of me when I am through. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

LARRY. Lead on, my lady, and I'll follow you. (*Cross to* L. U. E.) Cheer up, Mr. O'Grady, there's bright days in store for you. [*Exit*, L. U. E.

O'GRADY. No! All is darkness for me. I must leave here or I will go mad. The kindness she bestows on me is more than I can bear, and makes me feel just what I am. A poor miserable wretch. (*Up* R. C. *Bus. with rope.*)

(*Enter* EMMA *and* MR. MYRTLE, H. L.)

EMMA (D. L. C., MR. MYRTLE *sits* C.). Father, what do you think of my friend, Miss Summers?

MR. MYRTLE. My child—I have scarcely seen her.

EMMA. I want your opinion when you have seen more of the lady. Every time I see that man my heart beats like a trip-hammer, Mr. O'Grady.

O'GRADY. Yes, miss. (*Removes hat.*)

EMMA. Will you see that the boat is ready, I have arranged for a sail.

O'GRADY (*quick*). Not to-day! I beg your pardon. I don't think it safe.

MR. MYRTLE. He is right. The weather is treacherous, I rather you would wait.

EMMA. You don't think it safe?

(*Enter* OAK H. L., *remains in door.*)

O'GRADY (*cross* D. R. C.). In one hour from now no boat will be safe on the bay.

OAK (*cross to* R.). I differ with you, sir. There will be nothing to fear for three hours at least.

O'GRADY. You are mistaken——

OAK (*aside to* O'GRADY). Silence! How dare you? Miss Myrtle, I am a good judge of the weather. I shall be only too happy to brave the chance to afford you pleasure. (*To* O'GRADY.) We can remain close to shore. When I ask—say you think it safe. (O'GRADY *up* C.)

EMMA. I should like to go very much, I regret to disappoint my friend.

OAK. Ah! your friend has arrived? You need not disappoint her. Mr. O'Grady, you have made a slight mistake, for one hour you think it safe. Do you not?

O'GRADY. I have made no mistake! Positively, Miss Myrtle, it is not safe. (MR. MYRTLE *rises.*)

EMMA. Then we will not go.

MR. MYRTLE. You had better wait. (*Looks* L.) I see your friend coming this way. I will leave you to entertain Miss Summers. (*Starts* L.)

EMMA. No! I go with you to meet her.

[*Exit* H. L. MYRTLE *and* EMMA.

OAK. She avoids me on every occasion. O'Grady, why did you say that?

O'GRADY. I spoke the truth.

OAK. You are a brave man.

O'GRADY. I thought not of myself.

OAK. I will have no further use for you after two weeks.

O'GRADY. Thank Heaven!

OAK. Are you anxious to leave this place?

O'GRADY. No—only anxious to make amends for the past. (*Up* R. C.)

OAK. The sooner I get rid of him the better.

(*Enter* EMMA *and* EDITH—EDITH D. L. *corner* EDITH *has changed to handsome dress.*)

EMMA. This is your most severe task. If you don't betray yourself now, the rest is easy.

EDITH. I am ready for the test.

EMMA. Mr. Oak, (*Cross to* C.) my friend, Miss Summers.

OAK. I am pleased (*Cross to* L.) to meet——I beg your—pardon! What is the name?

EMMA. Miss Summers.

OAK (*looks at* Miss EMMA *then with a smile*). Miss Summers, your obedient. If I'm not mistaken we have met before.

EDITH. You are mistaken, I don't think we ever did.

OAK. Excuse me I am, sure——

EMMA. Mr. OAK! You forget yourself.

OAK. I have met some one that resembles Miss Summers. (*Cross to* R. *corner.*) I hope I have not offended.

EDITH. We are all liable to mistakes. (*Sees* O'GRADY.) What a nice looking man. How sad he looks. Who is he?

OAK (*sarcastic*). Only one of the servants.

EMMA. And a perfect gentleman. (*Up* L. C. *with* EDITH.)

OAK (*aside*). That is Miss Worth. There is a reason for her being here. I must know what it is.

EMMA. I am pleased that you like to sail. I have every confidence in our boatman.

EDITH. What place is that? Surely no one lives there.

EMMA (*turns away*). That is the jail where my——

EDITH. Forgive me. (EMMA *and* EDITH D. C. L.)

OAK. If agreeable, ladies, what do you say to a sail?

O'GRADY (*down* C.). No—no, not to-day——

OAK (*loud*). I trust you will pay no attention to your boatman! He is some what of a coward, and afraid of getting wet. I am an excellent sailor, and an expert with a yacht. [O'GRADY *Exit at "coward"* L. U. E.

EMMA. I prefer to wait.

OAK. As you please. Have you heard anything of the Worth family lately? How the poor young ladies must suffer! I suppose they are obliged to beg for their living. How I feel for them!

EMMA (*stands in front—or aside of* EDITH *so that* OAK *can't see her*). Your sympathy betrays your noble nature. Miss Summers, wait for me inside. (EDITH *slowly with bowed head up to* D. L. OAK C. *endeavors to look in her face. At door she raises her face to his—then exit.* OAK *raises his hat, crosses to* R. C.) I understand why you asked those questions. You still believe this lady to be Miss Worth?

OAK. I must confess I do.

EMMA. Supposing you are right, would it not be contemptible to wound her feelings the way you did?

OAK. Then the lady is Miss Worth?

EMMA. This is the third time you have insulted me by asking that same question. (*Cross to* D. L.) It is her first visit here, and the first time you ever met Miss Summers. [*Exit* H. L.

OAK. But not the first time I have met Miss Worth! When I used the word beggar she trembled like a leaf, the other seeing her agitation, hurries her into the house. But she will betray herself and to-morrow when she learns that her affianced has been lynched—(*Laugh outside.*) They are coming this way, convinced no doubt I am no fool. (*Up* C.)

(*Enter* EMMA *and* EDITH H. L. *Lightning and thunder.*)

EMMA. Mr O'Grady was right. This is going to be a fearful night.

CHICK (*outside*). You bet, Larry, I'll get a ride on that horse!

OAK (*looks*). As I live, here comes the sister! Now, my scheming friend, I'll humiliate you, by proving that you lied to me. (*Enter* CHICK L. U. E., *runs into* OAK C.) What the devil! (*Brushes off his arm; cross to* R. *corner.*)

CHICK. I guess I bumped the devil. Oh! look at

all the nice folks. (*Sees* EDITH.) Oh—don't she look scrumcious. (EDITH *turns away* L.)

OAK. She turns away, dare not look her in the face.

EMMA. What a strange child! Do you know her?

OAK. She is the young Miss Worth.

EMMA. Indeed? And very pretty.

OAK. And very sensitive. You must not neglect introducing her to Miss Summers. (*Cross to* C.) Allow me to do the gallant, Miss Summers. Permit me to present to you——Miss Worth. (EDITH *faces* CHICK.)

CHICK. Miss Summers. How do you do?

OAK (*starts*). Why don't you kiss your sister?

CHICK. Oh you git out, she ain't no sister of mine. My sister is at home.

OAK (*takes her hand*). Are you sure?—look again!

CHICK. You let go of my arm, or I'll slap your face. (OAK *lets go.*) I guess I know my sister when I see her (OAK *cross to* R., CHICK *up* C.)

EMMA. Are you satisfied?

(*Enter* LARRY *running*—MR MYRTLE H. L., LARRY C.—MR MYRTLE *crosses to* R.)

LARRY. Oh, Miss, I have bad news for you, Master Robert is in danger. Some one has aroused the people in the neighborhood, and there's a plan on foot to drag him from jail and hang him.

EMMA. Oh, Larry, what's to be done?

LARRY. There is but one thing, Miss. If we could reach that jail I know how to get him out. But there is only one way to get there on time, and that's across the bay. [*Exit* CHICK, *who has listened* R. U. E.

OAK. Which would be certain death. No boat could live out there—ten minutes from now.

LARRY. If I knew anything about a boat, I'd risk it! (*Cross to* L. *corner.*)

EMMA. Mr. Oak, you do! You said you were an expert.

OAK. It would be useless!

EMMA. Then there is no hope!

(*Enter, running*, O'GRADY, L. U. E., *to* C.)

O'GRADY. Yes, there is, Miss—I will go. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

EMMA. Mr. O'Grady—my brother?

O'GRADY. Shall be saved, or I will never return. (*Lightning.*)

OAK. You are a fool, it is certain death.

O'GRADY. The chances are I will never reach there.

EMMA. Then you must—you shall not go. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

O'GRADY. Be calm, remember it is your brother's life I go to save.

EMMA. Should you never return, I would think I were the cause, of your death.

O'GRADY (*takes her in his arms*). Now think this. That for your sake I was willing to risk my life. (*Runs up* C. *Lightning.*)

OAK. Stop! You are—

O'GRADY (*turns* C.). Not afraid to get wet. Who is the coward now! (*Thunder and lightning.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

DISCOVERED,—DAN., R. C., *seated on stool.* *Enter at rise* MORGAN, *a hunchback,* D. *in* F. D.)

DAN. Something is going to happen, that's the first time I ever saw you smile.

MORGAN (*lays rope* C.). Good cause—good cause there is going to be a death and no common one. (*Kneels working at rope* C.)

DAN. What are you splicing that rope for? The one on the scaffold will do.

MORGAN. That's for the condemned, this one has received no sentence, nor never will. He will never see the light of another day;

DAN. How's that?

MORGAN. He's to be lynched! Bah! you know the job as well as I do.

DAN. Why do you hate this young man so?

MORGAN. Three years ago I had work to do in his neighborhood. To save time, I crossed the Myrtle Farm, it being three miles nearer. On my way I met their private carriage, the horses took fright, and at the risk of my own life prevented a runaway. Did I receive their thanks? no, instead, they cursed me! Said it was my ugly shape that frightened the horses. I was about to reply, when I was struck—do you hear, they struck me with a whip, a generous reward for an act of kindness. Then the aristocrats dashed by, and the poor deformed hunchback was hurled to the ground.

DAN. And you see a chance to get even. Eh?

MORGAN. I have never forgiven that blow and I never will! Who is the man we're doing this for?

DAN. If you get your money—you're satisfied! Ain't you?

MORGAN. Satisfied? I'm more than satisfied. I'll get a chance to repay the blow.

DAN (*cross to* L.). Easy, he's coming this way. I'll go, for if he sees us together, he might suspect.

[*Exit* D. L.

MORGAN. Suspect! He shall know, for I'll torture his heart out; that is, if I can.

(*Enter* ROBERT *handcuffed*, D. R.)

ROBT. You seem to be busy?

MORGAN. Do I?

ROBT. What are you going to do with that rope?

MORGAN. Pay you back for the blow you gave me!

ROBT. The blow I gave you? I never saw you before I came here.

MORGAN. It was some of your kin that struck me with a whip! The mark is gone but the sting still remains.

ROBT. I am not responsible for what others do. I would never strike a poor deformed being.

MORGAN. I'm as good as you or any belonging to you!

ROBT. Perhaps!

MORGAN. You think that fine clothes makes the man.

ROBT. No—no matter how poor he may be, if upright and just, in my estimation he is a true man.

MORGAN. Fine principles for a criminal!

ROBT. Criminal?

MORGAN. Aye, criminal! Do they handcuff and imprison people for nothing?

ROBT. Yes! at least as far as I am concerned. By whose orders am I kept in these irons?

MORGAN. Mine!

ROBT. You have no right——

MORGAN. I am the jailer and head man here and I have a right to do anything I like—(*Touches knife.*) do you understand? Anything.

ROBT. It is evident you dislike me.

MORGAN. Dislike—I hate you—I despise every one that has a drop of your blood in their veins, or bears the name of Myrtle.

ROBT. If you had your way——

MORGAN. No one here dares dispute my word! If I say you never leave this place you never will. The entrance is guarded night and day. Escape from your window, though there were no iron bars, would be impossible. For you would be dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

ROBT. Is that all?

MORGAN. Is that all? No it won't do, your face is the telltale. Though your words are in jest, your heart is bursting with fear.

ROBT. You poor miserable devil, I pity you.

MORGAN (*in anger draws knife*). You pity me!—I —I——

ROBT. Well! why don't you? I've turned the tables. The telltale is on your face. (MORGAN *turns from him.*) That's right, turn your back. I'd rather see it than your ugly face.

MORGAN. You pity me! Keep the sympathy for yourself—you will need it before I am through. I swear, you shall never see the light of another day!

ROBT. I prefer most anything, than to be obliged to look upon that ugly form of yours.

MORGAN. You are trying to make believe that you don't fear me, but you do. See that rope? I am going to tie you hand and foot. I'll lower you from that window until your head touches the water. You shall die inch by inch.

ROBT. Why don't you make it foot by foot. It won't take so long and will give you more time to escape.

MORGAN. Escape what?

ROBT. Don't you suppose I have friends that will hold you responsible for my death?

MORGAN. They will never know who put you out of the way. It has all been arranged. It will be reported, the jail was broken in—that you were taken out and hanged. Your body will be found swinging from a tree, where I shall tie it. After I have made sure work of you here. (*Shows knife*)

ROBT. What a brave man you are!

MORGAN. You killed an old man! How brave you were——

ROBT. (*up to* MORGAN, *raises hands*). You lie, I am innocent, and you know it. Release at least one of my hands, and I'll make that crooked body of yours writhe in the dust at my feet, begging for mercy.

MORGAN. Go on—go on, oh!—how I love to hear you—I love to hear you spit out the words that are eating at your heart. I'll be kind now and leave you to prepare for the other world. (*Points down*) I'm a good kind soul, and I always like to do good when I can. When I return, it will be you that will fall in the dust at my feet—begging for mercy—ha—ha—for mercy. [*Exit*, D. L.

ROBT. Is it possible this fiend has the power to execute this horrible plan? (*Knocking quietly on wall*) What was that? I thought I heard a sound on the wall. No, it's only the storm. Will I see the light of another day? Am I forsaken, have I no friends? (*Wall breaks away*, CHICK *appears*)

CHICK. You bet you have—one.

ROBT. Chick?

CHICK. Now, don't ask questions, but pull me through this wall. (ROBT. *helps*)

ROBT. How came you here? How did you cross the bay?

CHICK. I didn't cross the bay, I rode all the way on your horse, Gray Eagle, and in less than two hours.

ROBT. Is the horse alive?

CHICK. It don't matter as long as I save you. I heard of the plot to lynch you, and it was the only way to help—and save my poor sister.

ROBT. Edith! Nothing has happened to her?

CHICK. No—but there would, if anything happened to you.

ROBT. Bless you, Chick—bless you.

CHICK. That will do. Don't get so confectionary.

ROBT. (*sits* R.). I will try and remember. You had better go, my jailer is not a pleasant companion.

CHICK. What do you suppose I rode thirty miles for? Just to see you? If I don't get you out of this to-night, you will be dead in the morning. Once on the outside, you can walk along until you reach the main entrance. Jump down, and you are safe.

ROBT. The main entrance is guarded——

CHICK. I guess I know, I just come from there.

ROBT. You don't think I killed your father?

CHICK. No, I know you didn't.

ROBT. You know who did?

CHICK. No—but I suspect.

ROBT. Who?

CHICK. Never mind.

MORGAN (*outside*). All right, Dan—all right.

CHICK. Oh, look at that face! Whose room is this?

ROBT. Mine. In quick! (ROBERT *sits* R.)

[*Exit* CHICK *room* R.

(*Enter* DAN *with dinner pail* D. L., *cross, lays it at* ROBT'S *feet.*)

DAN. Say! dar's your grub, you can eat it or leave it—just as you like. [*Exit.*

(*Enter* CHICK D. R.)

CHICK. Oh! but he's pleasant. Won't he swear when he finds you gone?

ROBT. I am not free.

CHICK (*holds up file*). No, but you soon will be.

ROBT. A file?

CHICK. Yes, and now, mister, let us get to work. (*Sits near* ROBT., *files handcuffs*)

ROBT. Where is Edith?

CHICK. At your father's house, she's known as Miss Summers. Oh, she looks scrumcious. I didn't hardly know her, in fact, I didn't dare to.

ROBT. Why?

CHICK. You see, Larry asked me if I could lie. For once I told the truth and said I could. So when Mr. Oak took me to her——

ROBT. Oak? Did he take you to your sister after she had been presented to him as Miss Summers? (*Removes one handcuff*)

CHICK. Yes—and told her to her face she was Miss Worth. Say, suppose you take this and work a little. You're the laziest man I ever saw.

ROBT. I couldn't work before.

CHICK. Well, you can now, so go on. (BOB *works filing*) I was going to slap Mr. Oak—but he gave me such a look, I could hardly stand up.

ROBT. And his companion, what of him?

CHICK. You mean your sister's beau——

ROBT. What are you talking about, why, he is——

CHICK. Your best friend—Larry says so. And he knows everything.

ROBT. Why do you think so well of O'Grady?

CHICK. Mr. Oak was going to strike me. He wouldn't let him. When I met O'Grady again, there were tears in his eyes. Brave men sometimes cry. And tears are the sign of a good, pure heart.

ROBT. The truest words you ever spoke. I'll settle with this Oak when I return.

CHICK. No, you must keep in the dark or they will drag you back.

ROBT. (*drops handcuffs*). The last. Now, where shall I find the horse?

CHICK. Tied to a tree, just off the road.

ROBT. What's to become of you?

CHICK. Never mind me, I'll get back all right.

ROBT. I'll leave this place only on one condition.

CHICK. What's that?

ROBT. That you ride back on the horse, and let me get back the best I can.

CHICK. I can reach there before morning. Then I can have Larry drive out to meet you.

ROBT. Chick! you are a bright little girl. (*Opens arms, she runs under them*)

CHICK. Oh—I know lots. Say, can you use this? (*Hands revolver*) You may need it.

ROBT. I hope not. (*Laugh outside*) Quick, hide, they are returning. Don't be alarmed, for they will have to pass over my dead body, before harm shall come to you.

CHICK (*shows revolver*) Never mind me, I'm alright. [*Exit* D. R.

(*Enter* DAN *and* MORGAN D. L. DAN *crosses to* R. MORGAN *down* L. C. ROBT *lays on cot* C.)

MORGAN. See if he's asleep.

DAN. It don't matter. Get a rope to tie his hands and feet. That one will do to lower him out of the window. (*To* ROBT.) So you are awake. Eh?

ROBT (*sits up*). What do you want?

DAN. I'll tell yer, I'm going to give you a bath, it's the rules of this institution, that all the prisoners partake of that luxury.

ROBT. From your appearance, I should judge it was a luxury that you seldom indulge in,

DAN. Well! This is going to be your last, for in five minutes you will be a corpse.

ROBT. Don't be too sure!

DAN. Well, I am sure, (*Takes hold of* ROBT. *who throws him* R. C.)

ROBT. Well, my friend, you are mistaken.

(*As he throws* DAN R., MORGAN *rises and draws knife.*

(CHICK *enters* D. R. *up* C.—*As* MORGAN *rises to strike* BOB *with knife* CHICK *catches his hand and sinks knife into* MORGAN *who drops* C. DAN *at action gets axe in* R. E.—*raises it to strike when* BOB *holds him at bay, with* CHICK *in his arms.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT. V.

DISCOVERED, R. C., Mr MYRTLE *and* EDITH.

Mr. MYRTLE. I am surprised! And the young scoundrel?

EDITH. Loved me better than his life. We were so happy, but our happiness didn't last long. We were oblige to separate.

Mr MYRTLE. Separate? But you said the young man loved you.

EDITH. Loved me! Oh, sir, the sound of his voice was music, the sight of his face like a bright ray of sunshine. I watched for his coming with as much eagerness as the ship-wrecked sailor at sea, watches for a sight of land. But there was a barrier!

MYRTLE. Eh? A barrier?

EDITH. A stern parent, a father who could overlook any fault but poverty. He knew how we loved, the son pleaded in vain—though he sacrificed both our lives. His will must be done. (*Cross to* L. C.)

Mr. MYRTLE (*up* C.). Come with me to the library. An upstart! Refused to let his son marry you, eh? What did he want for him? A Queen? I want to see him, I will see him! And when I do I'll punch the old fool's head. [*Exit* C. D. L.

(*Enter* EMMA D. R.)

EDITH. What will he say when he learns of this deception?

EMMA. He has learnt to love you, and will acknowledge his error. (*Sits* R.)

EDITH (*sits* L.), Any news? Have they heard of Mr O'Grady?

EMMA. I—I believe not.

EDITH. Do you remember his last words?

EMMA. I shall never forget them. It was selfish—cruel to permit him to go. And yet my brother would have been murdered. Is it not terrible?

(*Enter* OAK, C. D. L.)

EDITH. Let us be thankful no lives were lost.

OAK (D. R. *corner*). Permit me to re-echo that sentiment from the bottom of my heart.

EMMA (*rises*). You have seen—you know they have returned?

OAK. I have not seen, but heard they have arrived.

EMMA. Will you grant me a favor?

OAK. In your service I would lay down my life, and you know it.

EMMA. My brother just escaped from jail. It is absolutely necessary that fact remain silent. With the exception of Larry, Mr O'Grady, the rest are ignorant.

OAK. Except young Miss Worth.

EMMA. Oh, no.

OAK. Pardon me. She was at the jail last night.

EMMA. How do you know that?

OAK (*confused*). I—a—I—don't know it——

EMMA. You spoke the truth when you said you had not seen any of the returned party. Now, how do you know that Miss Worth was at the jail? You were not there, for you are too big a coward to risk that precious life of yours in such a storm. You received your information from those who failed to murder my brother. In which case you are in league with them.

OAK. Do you know what you are talking about?

EMMA. Perfectly!

OAK. Allow me to explain.

EMMA. Silence. Remember I am——

OAK. My affianced wife. I will not forget it.

EMMA (*sarcasm*). Your affianced wife? Have I ever encouraged, ever said I would marry you?

OAK. Your father has.

EDITH (*rises*). Will you excuse me?

EMMA. To oblige me, please remain. (*Edith sits*) As to marriage with me, you may think it a matter of compulsion. If so you are entirely mistaken. I will never be more to you—than I am now.

OAK. Let us defer the subject. When I entered the room you requested a favor. What do you wish me to do?

EMMA. Be kind enough to allow us to remain alone.

OAK (*bows*). Certainly, if you wish. (*Up* R. C.)

(*Enter* LARRY C. D. L., *remains* C. *at back.*)

EMMA. Larry! Faithful friend. My brother?

LARRY. Here—safe and sound.

EDITH. I am thankful!

EMMA. And Mr O'Grady! (LARRY *turns* L.) You turn from me. Did he not return?

LARRY. No.

EMMA. No. (*Sinks in chair*, R.)

OAK. She loves him, I thought so!

EDITH (*rise*). You, sir, have not complied with the ladies' request. (OAK *bows and exit* C. D. L.) Larry, relate particulars, from departure until arrival.

LARRY. With luck, it was nothing else, we reached the jail just in time to receive Master Robert in the boat, some one had cut a hole in the wall, and we found him creeping through. On our way back the boat struck a rock, the tiller slipped from the rudder and was carried away. Mr. O'Grady—Heaven bless him, —saw the danger, and knew unless he had control of the boat we would be lost.

EDITH. And then?

LARRY. Oh! such a sight! As the lightning played

around the boat, we saw a sight never to be forgotten. O'Grady had substituted his arm for the tiller, and every wave that struck the boat caused his life's blood to flow from his wounds. Oh! how my heart ached for him, for his arm was black to the shoulder. At last I picked up a piece of driftwood and shouted with joy, then I hastened to relieve him. But his hand had swollen so he could not pull it through.

EMMA. Horrible—horrible! But he is alive? You brought him ashore?

LARRY. Heaven forgive me, Miss, we did not. The boat was fast sinking, I stood watching O'Grady's face, not a muscle moved, though he must have suffered a thousand deaths. He said: The storm is nearly over, the boat is fast filling, and one must leave it. Before I could speak, Master Robert said, Let it be me. And then, Oh! God—I saw O'Grady wrench his arm from the rudder. He was that weak, he could hardly stand. Taking the piece of driftwood he placed it, then he said—Larry, keep the boat straight ahead, if I never reach the land, tell Miss Myrtle (EMMA *rises slowly up* C.) with my last breath, I blessed her. (*Exit* EMMA, C. D. L.) And before we could stop him, he jumped over—sank from sight, and we saw him no more. (*Cross to* R.)

EDITH (*up* C.). Are you sure he did not land?

LARRY. I've been since daylight looking for him.

EDITH. I'll join Miss Myrtle. She may be ill.

[*Exit*, C. D. L.

LARRY (*up to* L. C.). Why are all the good taken from this world and the bad left in it?

(*Enter* CHICK *handsomely dressed*, C. D. R.)

CHICK. Oh, gee! Larry, I'm all dressed up.

LARRY. Where did you get all the fine clothes?

CHICK. Well, I like that! Miss Emma gave them to me. How did you get back? Oh! wasn't it a terrible night?

LARRY. How did you know I had been away?

CHICK. Didn't I see you? Didn't you see me?

LARRY. See you? Where?

CHICK. At the jail, of course.

LARRY. What? You at the jail?

CHICK. If I hadn't been, Mr. Robert wouldn't be here now.

LARRY. What are you talking about? Faith, I saw you last night at dusk, and I'll swear you didn't go in the boat with us.

CHICK. No! I went by the road.

LARRY. By the road? How?

CHICK. On Mr. Myrtle's race-horse, Gray Eagle.

LARRY. You did? That accounts for the hole in the wall!

CHICK. Yep! I cut it.

LARRY. You little rogue, I'd like to pick you up in my two arms and kiss you.

CHICK. Of course you would, I'm dressed up now. You wouldn't have kissed me last night when I was in rags?

LARRY. I'd kiss you if you didn't have a rag on your back.

CHICK (*turns away*). Oh! Larry, I am ashamed—of you.

LARRY. Here, I want no airs from you. I wish you were Irish.

CHICK. Why?

LARRY. So I could fall in love, and ask you to marry me. (*Puts arms around her*)

CHICK. Here, keep your hands off. Oh, gee! I wish I had my old clothes on, these feel awful funny. Say, Larry, you aught to have seen us when we got home. We were wet through.

LARRY. Us—who do you mean?

CHICK. Why—Mr. O'Grady and myself.

LARRY. O'Grady! Did you say O'Grady? Is he here—is he alive?

CHICK. You bet he is!

LARRY. Good—good for you. (*Wipes eyes with handkerchief, sits at table*, R.) Now, tell me how you saved O'Grady?

CHICK. Well, you see, I jumped on Gray Eagle, and kept the road till I came to the Bay. I was just turning the bend when I heard splashing in the water. I stopped to listen, it was so dark I couldn't see. I was about to go on when I heard a groan. I knew some one was suffering, I couldn't swim, but knew the horse could, so I turned his head toward the water, but he wouldn't budge an inch.

LARRY. Oh! If I had been on his back!

CHICK. I had no whip.

LARRY. Well?

CHICK. But a great big shawl pin. I stuck it in his side, way to the head.

LARRY. Hurroo!

CHICK. With a bound he plunged into the water. A flash of lightning revealed Mr. O'Grady struggling in the sea, half dead. Well, I managed to get him across the saddle—held him till I rode into the barn—dropped on a pile of hay—dressed up his arm—got him a warm breakfast, and now he is doing nicely.

LARRY (*rise to* C.). Come here to me. (CHICK *backs up to him, he kisses her.*) You're an angel.

(*Enter* OAK, *remains* C. D. L. CHICK *up* C.)

CHICK. That's the result of having on good clothes. (*Bumps* OAK. *Exit* D. L. LARRY *does same business, start* L.)

OAK. Too late, sir. You need not turn away. I saw the tears. (*Sit* R.)

LARRY (C.). I am not ashamed of them. They are honest ones and will do me good.

OAK. You, had a risky time of it last night, my lad?

LARRY. Yes, sir, we did.

OAK. I am sorry I did not accompany you.

LARRY. And so am I.

OAK. Indeed—and why?

LARRY. So I could have pitched you into the Bay!

OAK. That would have been murder!

LARRY (*back of* OAK). No—it would have been justice!

OAK (*jumps up*). What do you mean?

LARRY. If there is no crime on your soul—why do you start at the word justice? (*Enter* CHICK C. D. L. *with letter.*) Mr. Oak, the net is woven, soon it will be cast, and the guilty one that has caused this good family so much suffering, will be held responsible. (*Cross to* L. C.)

CHICK. Oh, Larry, here is a letter for Mr. O'Grady. (D. C. LARRY *up* C. *turns.*)

OAK (*aside*). O'Grady! it must never fall into his hands. Hand me the letter and I will deliver it to him. (*Reaches for it*—LARRY *takes it.*)

LARRY. I am not so sure of that! I've been re-engaged and it's part of my duty to deliver all mail in person. (*Up* C.)

OAK (*cross to* R.) I have no desire to interfere with your duties. Who is this? another Miss Summers?

CHICK. No, sir, this is the lady you stole the handkerchief from. But I've got it back, and I am going to keep it until the proper time comes to deliver it up. (LARRY *and* CHICK *pantomime as if drawing in net.*) The net is being drawn in, and soon we will land our fish safe ashore. [*Exit with* LARRY D. L.

OAK. O'Grady has returned and must stand by me. She don't respect me. Eh? (*Ring bell.*) We shall see. (*Enter* LARRY D. L. *cross to* C.) Inform Miss Myrtle I desire to see her.

LARRY. I don't think she wants to see you.

OAK. My object is to prevent more trouble.

LARRY. I'll go at once. [*Exit* C. D. L.

OAK. Confound that Irishman, I wish he were at the bottom of the Bay. (*Enter* EMMA C. D. L., *down* R. C. OAK *up* C.) Will you sit down?

EMMA. No.

OAK. As you please. I presume you are anxious to know why I sent for you. It was to give you an opportunity to retract your last words. You were angry then.

EMMA. You insult me, sir!

OAK. No! It is I who have been insulted. I spoke the truth. Your father did promise you to me.

EMMA. Is it for this you sent for me?

OAK. No, for you to recall your words.

EMMA. You wish me to apologize to you?

OAK. Only to admit, you have wronged me.

EMMA. If I refuse?

OAK. I shall force you. (EMMA *starts up* C., OAK *prevents her.*) Stop!

EMMA. Let me pass!

OAK. Not till you hear me through. You shall respect me—you will obey your father's wish and become my wife. Or your brother meets the death he deserves.

EMMA. He deserves?

OAK. Yes, for I saw him kill Mr. Worth, and can produce a witness who was with me at the time. It remains with you (*Cross to* L. C. EMMA *up* C.) whether he lives or dies. Do you consent?

EMMA. No.

OAK. But your brother?

EMMA. If guilty deserves the punishment. (*Cross to table* R., *ring*. *Enter* LARRY C. D. L.) Larry, see that Mr. Oak's trunks are set outside the fence. He is about to leave.

LARRY (*to* OAK). Say—I discharge you.

OAK. You resort to very elegant methods to turn me from the house. (*Up* D. L.,) I will give you one hour to recall your words. [*Exit* D. L.

LARRY. Let me hit him just once.

EMMA. He is not worth it. (*Cross to* L. C.) Did you deliver my message?

LARRY. He's waiting outside. Shall I call him?

EMMA. Yes.

LARRY (*up* C. *looks* R.). O'Grady! Oh, Mr. O'Grady, this way if you please. [*Exit* C. D. L.

(*Enter* O'GRADY, C. D. R., *hand tied up with handkerchief.*)

O'GRADY (*up to* EMMA). I know all—I—I can't thank you——

OAK (*outside*). Let the trunks remain where they are!

O'GRADY (*starts*). The cloud is still hanging over my head.

EMMA. For my sake.

O'GRADY. Go quick (*Takes her up* C.). I will be only too happy too join you. (*Exit* EMMA C. D. L.,) What happiness—what joy.

(*Enter* OAK D. L.)

OAK. One moment. I want to see you for the last time.

O'GRADY. Well?

OAK. You and I part forever that is, if you wish.

O'GRADY. And the document?

OAK. Shall be yours five minutes after you do as I say. To-night he will be taken back to jail, no doubt will declare his innocence. Consider well before you answer. You will be a free man and I will never molest you again, if you swear you saw the blow struck that killed old man Worth!

O'GRADY (*looks at him fiercely*). You want me to swear—I saw the blow struck that killed that old man?

OAK. How strange you look, do you refuse?

O'GRADY. No!

OAK. You accept?

O'GRADY. Yes!

OAK. Swear it!

O'GRADY. I swear it!

OAK. Good, give me your hand.

O'GRADY. That is not necessary, I have given you my word. (*Up* C.)

OAK. As you please, we had better remain friends.

O'GRADY. We—never were friends.

OAK. You have sworn—you will keep your oath?

O'GRADY. I have given you my word—and that I never break. [*Exit* C. D. L.

OAK (*cross to* R.). And my word shall be kept with her, though my last scheme failed. I'll take care this time he never leaves that jail. [*Exit* D. R.

(*Enter* C. D. L. LARRY—MR MYRTLE *with* EDITH *and* BOB *on arm*—EMMA *and* CHICK. MR MYRTLE L. C. BOB *down* L. *corner*—EDITH *next to* BOB—EMMA R. *also* CHICK. LARRY C.—LARRY *speaks as he enters.*)

LARRY. Oh, did you hear the news? that letter for O'Grady was from some plantation South, that he deserted years ago. He left it in the care of an old Yankee who improved, and now it's worth $200,000, and he wants Mr. O'Grady to sell for the same. Hurroo, Mr O'Grady is a real Irish gentleman!

CHICK. Hurroo! Let us hang him. (*Runs up* C. LARRY *after her.*)

LARRY. You're too little to have so much to say.

EMMA. Larry. (*Cross to* R. C., CHICK *looks off* R. C. D.)

CHICK. Here comes Mr. Oak and Mr. O'Grady. Oh, gee! don't he look nice?

ROBT. (*in anger*). That man Oak——

MR MYRTLE. Remember your promise.

ROBT. But, Dad——

EDITH. You will do just as your father says. Not another word!

CHICK. Oh, mister, I pity you. (*Cross to* EMMA R.)

(*Enter* OAK *and* O'GRADY C. D. R.)

OAK. Quite a family gathering. (*Cross to* R.) I trust my presence is no intrusion.

MR MYRTLE. Before we answer, you must exonerate yourself. If I am rightly informed, you are the instigator of all this trouble. I am surprised, sir! I thought you a different person.

OAK. If a man commits a crime, let him pay the penalty.

O'GRADY. Remember he is an old man.

(*Enter* SHERIFF C. D. L,)

OAK. Remain outside until I call. [*Exit* C. D. R.

SHERIFF (*holds up handcuffs*). Will you allow me, sir.

ROBT. Heaven help me, if I go back to that jail, I will never leave it alive.

MR MYRTLE (*to sheriff*). His trial takes place to-morrow. Remain here to-night, I will pay you any sum.

OAK. He dare not! It is his duty to take the escaped prisoner back to jail. Sheriff, do your duty.

ROBT. How dare you command! (OAK *turns away* R.) Look me in the face. You cannot, for guilt is stamped on yours! Friends, there stands the man that killed Mr. Worth!

(*Enter* O'GRADY C. D. R. *down* C.)

OAK (*loud*). He lies! Tis false!

O'GRADY. No! He speaks the truth. I swear it! I saw you strike the blow! I have kept my word with you—keep yours and give me that document.

OAK. No—we swing together! (O'GRADY *cross to* L. C.)

CHICK. Not much.

OAK. What do you mean?

CHICK. That I stole the paper out of your pocket and gave it to Larry.

LARRY. And I burned it a week ago.

ROBT. Mr. Sheriff—your duty. (*Points to* OAK.) O'Grady, you are a man of honor. Twice you have saved my life, let me repay the debt, by giving you my sister. (EMMA *crosses to* O'GRADY L. C. CHICK *and* LARRY *in pantomime as if drawing in nets—at third time.*)

OAK. What the devil are you doing?

CHICK. Pulling in the net. (CHICK *up* L. C.)

LARRY. And we have landed our fish at last. (OAK *crosses to* C., LARRY *remains on* L. *of* OAK, *as* OAK *goes up* C.—O'GRADY *and* EMMA *cross to* R. C. *in front.*)

OAK. O'Grady, I wish you much joy. (*To* ROBERT.) You, sir, had a close call. Miss Myrtle, your obedient. Miss Summers, (*laughs*) Miss Summers! I regret I cannot remain for the wedding. (*Bows to* EDITH)

LARRY (*slaps him on back*). Well, we're not. (CHICK *slaps him on back—as he turns the* SHERIFF *taps him and points* C. D. R. OAK *bows and Exit with* SHERIFF C. D. R. OAK *leads* EMMA C.)

MR. MYRTLE. Mr. O'Grady, we owe much to you.

O'GRADY (*takes* EMMA *in his arms*). I have been well repaid, and will endeavor to guard well my trust.

CURTAIN.

O'GRADY AND EMMA.

ROBERT AND EDITH. LARRY AND CHICK.

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By OWEN DAVIS

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JIM TUCKER	Captain of Yale Crew.
JIMSEY	A Telegraph Messenger Boy.
CLANCY	A Prize-fighter.
JOHN KENNEDY	Coach Yale Crew.
FRANK YOUNG	Member of Yale Crew.
ED. SCOTT	Friend of Dick and Member of Yale Crew.
TOM HAYNES	Member of Yale Crew.
ROBERT CROSBY	Member of Yale Crew.
JEPSON	Boatman.
POL	
HARRY WILSON	
WILL TAYLOR	
MRS. RANDAL	Jack's Mother.
DOROTHY RANDAL	Her daughter.
POLLY BURK	A friend of Dorothy.
MAME BRADY	A poor girl.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—Vanderbilt Hall, New Haven.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—A Boat House, Gales Ferry.
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SCENE 3.—The Race. Thames River.

ACT III.—Exterior of Griswold Hotel, Eastern Point. New London. The night of the race.

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EBENEZER GOODLY, *a professor of anatomy*
ANTONY GOODLY, D.D., *Bishop of Ballarat*
RICHARD HEATHERLY, *engaged to Marjorie*
THOMAS HOLDER, *a policeman*
WILLIAM BIGBEE, *an inmate of the Sanitarium*
HENRY FULLER, *superintendent of the Sanitarium*
MRS. GOODLY, *Ebenezer's wife*
CISSY, *Ebenezer's ward*
MARJORIE, MINERVA, } *Ebenezer's daughters*
ALVINA STARLIGHT, *Mr. Goodly's sister*
HELMA, *a servant*

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT 1.—Handsomely furnished room in home of Ebenezer Goodly.
ACT 2.—The same.
ACT 3.—The same.

This is the jolliest sort of a farce, clean and sparkling all the way through. A professor of anatomy is lured to a prize fight and the police make a raid on the "mill." The professor escapes to his home, followed by Jones, a traveling salesman, who sells hymn books when he can and playing cards when he cannot. The police are on the trail, so Jones disguises himself by putting on a Bishop's garb, and a lot of funny complications ensue. The other funmakers are aided not a little by an escaped lunatic. This celebrated farce has been a tremendous success for years on the professional stage and is now published for the first time.

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